

Snow's Marina throwback to early days of Deer Creek

WALLSBURG — It would seem like the good life. Owning your own boat camp and marina.

Imagine. All those lazy summer days lakeside with avocets paddling in the bay catching fingerlings and the shadows of sweeping gulls. And at dusk you see the jumping trout make target circles in the glassy sheen of the blue water.

You'd think it would be a slight effort to push one of those 14-footers off the dock on a slow afternoon, crank up the Evinrude and cut water into a trolling track for a few hours.

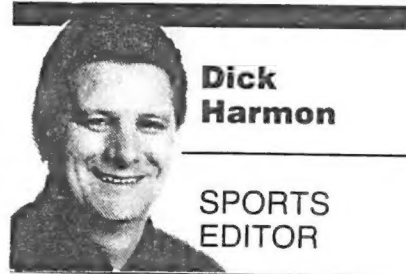
Then there's the shade and the chairs on the covered porch. What a way to pass the summers, visiting with campers, fishermen and swapping tales of finned fantasies.

Sound like a brochure?

It might be, but not for owners of marinas.

Just visit Snow's Marina and talk to Mell and his wife Colleen. They're the owners of Snow's Marina located at the bend of State Road 189 at the Wallsburg turnoff between Provo and Heber City.

They're just fools enough to continue living out a dream that's cost them more than most of us invest in our pillow rhapsodies.



Dick Harmon

SPORTS EDITOR

Mell, have run Snow's Marina since 1973 shortly after her father William Boden died.

Bill ran Boden's Boat Camp since the Bureau of Reclamation filled Deer Creek Reservoir in 1949 — days when there weren't any wind surfers, or jet skis and harvesting fish was in vogue on this lake that borders the grazing range for wildlife which migrate to and from Strawberry Valley.

Today there is a sharp conflict between the surface users (sail boats, skiers, and wind surfers) and those recreationalists interested in the subsurface life (fishermen).

The fishing at Deer Creek has taken a back seat to the surface activity in recent years. There are two state park boat ramps including the new Island Boat Camp which has become so popular on some weekends that they actually have to close the gates. Wakiki II.

best in the early morning, although Orem's 12-year-old Matt Marrott had no trouble pulling out a 1½ pound brown on his second cast from shore using a worm this past week.

There are also a bevy of perch and largemouth bass.

"People usually fish early in the morning and leave by 9 o'clock when the ski boats start coming," said Colleen. "The best fishing is done by trolling. But it has been slow."

Snow's Marina is the one constant at Deer Creek that has seen new facilities creep up and the Charleston Boat Camp die.

Mell and Colleen are throwbacks to the roots of this very accessible lake whose back door Timpanogos breezes have made it one of the best wind-surfing locations in the nation.

In the Snows, you find a couple working without a time clock, yet are driven from dawn to dusk by a love for their small snack and tackle shop.

They have the boat rental, moorings, and hookups for guest trailers.

Colleen remembers with affection the many travelers who have stopped to spend the night at the Sleepy Hollow bend in the road. Many are regulars. Some are Europeans who rent



Rod Collett photo

Mell and Colleen Snow cater to the camper and fisherman at Snow's Marina on Deer Creek Reservoir.

Lake City area. Many are retired people and when they pass away, it's like losing one of our own family."

Mell is a past captain of the Coast Guard Auxiliary — so he could better help people — and along with Colleen can tell you what tackle to use on any given day, as fishermen report to them what's hot and what's not.

As storm clouds moved overhead, the unsettled birds took to flight and shadows covered the Wallsburg bay Wednesday.

Colleen remembered 16 years of operating a boat camp and most of the good memories are of the people. Of course there

But there is also the memories of nights around the fire roasting crawdads which have now thinned out with passing years.

And there is the wildlife. There have been the deer and elk and one big moose. There's been porcupine. Colleen says the beavers and muskrats like to burrow into the Styrofoam on the docks. Then there was the mink who crawled into a boat on the dock and got into the bait box and ate night crawlers until he got hooked on some tackle.

As a light rain fell on the docks, the wind picked up and Colleen went inside. Mell

